Volume LXIII CHICAGO, JULY 15, 1909 Number 20

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Edward Everett Hale's Rules for a Long Life.

1. Rule both mind and body with an iron hold. You are master.
2. For the body, enough good sleep, enough good food, enough good exercise.
3. For the mind, regular work; work in the line of your genius and stop when you are tired.
4. After you are forty you may, if you are not a fool, choose your own rules, your own medicine and your own food. But you will find that the more you are in the open air and the more you are with other people, the better you will succeed. You will also find that there is nothing gained by brooding over failure.

1, 2, 3. 4, 5 (and always). The great central statement of life and history in this matter is: "He made himself of no reputation and took upon himself the form of a servant, wherefore God has highly exalted him."

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LXIII. THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1909 NUMBER 20

SERVICE.

That man is great, and he alone,
Who serves a greatness not his own,
For service and delight,
Content to know, and be unknown;
Whole in himself.
Strong is that man, he only strong,
To whose well-ordered will belong,
For service and delight,
All powers that in the face of wrong
Establish right.

—*Owen Meredith.*

Dr. D. K. Pearson, the benefactor of colleges, recently made the following promise to Lucy Page Gaston of the Anti-Cigarette League: "In the future I shall contribute no money, nor make any bequest of any kind to a university which permits cigarette smoking on the part of its students." Mr. Pearson was a physician before he was a capitalist. His philanthropy in this case has a solid foundation on hygiene. There is but little use in trying to get a boy through college who stupefies his brain with the insidious cigar or cigarette. Some very bright men smoke, 'tis true, but no man is brighter because of tobacco smoke.

Cincinnati has voted through its common council to add an hour to its daylight by setting its clocks back an hour, commencing May 1 and continuing till October 1, 1910. We hope that by that time other cities will be ready to join the sensible movement, and thus overcome the only real objection to the better adjustment of human activity to the daylight, viz., the inconvenience of a double standard. Life is now so organized, the individual such a conscious fraction of the larger whole that it is hard to do anything out of tune and out of time with the rest of the world. Railroads have already artificialized clocks; let them aid in further humanizing the day by setting their clocks and ours more squarely to human needs and strength.

New Zealand has set apart a "Drunkard's Island," situated some twenty-five miles from the mainland. No alcoholic drinks of any kind are permitted to be landed on the island, and the courts have the right to sentence habituals to this colony, where they will be most effectually "sobered up." Vast sections of the United States can show New Zealand a trick worth two of this,—banishing the liquor from the mainland, and the drunkards are sobered up most effectually, and at a large reduction of cost. The vast and ever-increasing "dry" territory in the United States is proving what has long been a theory of the reformer,—that humanity at its best can get along without the stuff, and that every step taken to eliminate the troublesome and deceptive stimulant is a step in advance.

The Summer School of Ethics is now holding its second session at Madison, Wis. The session began June 28 and will continue to July 24. The detailed program before us represents solid work. Among the lectures that will still be available to the readers of UNITY after they read this note are:

Lectures on Racial Co-operation, by Mrs. Celia Parker Woolley.
"Armaments as Irritants, or Modern Militarism," by Jenkin Lloyd Jones.
"Municipal House-Keeping," by Rev. Caroline Bartlett Crane.
Three of Prof. Nathaniel Schmidt's lectures on "Ethical Tendencies in the Hellenistic World," "Ethics of Stoicism," "Ethics of Pythagoreanism," "Ethics of Christianity."

The lectures of Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer and those of Prof. Schmidt are in connection with the University Summer School. The work of the Ethical School proper closes July 24, in time for those who desire to avail themselves of the Tower Hill Summer School to begin with the opening of that school, which takes place July 25, beginning with a double Sunday meeting at which it is hoped Prof. George B. Foster, of the University of Chicago, among others, will be present.

Bishop Brent, head of the Episcopal activities in the Philippine Islands, writing to a Chicago rector says:

"We are going through a political crisis here now. Never has the antagonism between Filipinos and Americans been so strong. Racial hatred is at a high pitch. The policy, or rather the lack of policy of the government, is to blame. There is a bill before the assembly now to abolish the commission!"

And still the American people blindly persist in violating one of the fundamental conditions of democracy, hoping that somehow they can profit by the theory of monarchy, lift a people by exploitation, prepare them for self-government by foreign interference! Must a republic preserve its dignity by the old assumption that governments cannot do wrong and mistakes can never be righted? The inhabitants of the Philippines have learned from their conquerors too well the lesson of democracy; they have caught the inspiration of Republicanism. The persistent refusal on the part of the United States to return to them what should never have been taken away, their right to self-government. and their right to profit by their blunderings in this

direction, is interrupting progress and tends to cumulate trouble at both ends of the line.

When Dr. Rainsford accepted the somewhat forlorn pastorate of St. George's Church in New York he accepted on three conditions:

1. A free hand in the management.
2. A small salary.
3. $10,000 a year as a fighting fund for which he would make no accounting.

On this foundation he conquered and made his church famous. The free hand in this case meant much more than the administering of $10,000 a year. *The California Weekly* speaking of his triumph says:

> He quickly invigorated the weak parish on Stuyvesant square, for the doctor is a fighter above all else. He conceived his church to have a mission to attract everybody to hear the gospel, and he made the attractions very large and the gospel very brief and straight-forward. He made a gymnasium and a billiard parlor annexes of his church; he organized dancing parties for poor boys and girls of the East Side, where they could enjoy themselves under proper conditions instead of holding their courtships on street corners and in the parks. He organized athletic sports, and, being a fine athlete, led the work himself. He founded slum missions, and ran them himself. At a Sunday-school held in a room behind a tough saloon, he was interrupted by a drunken rough who intruded. Doctor Rainsford tried twice to quiet him, and then knocked him senseless. The rough thereafter became a self-appointed private policeman to keep other roughs from bothering the children.
>
> And, all the while, in his big church, where Pierpont Morgan passes the collection box, Doctor Rainsford was preaching a hit-from-the-shoulder religion, denouncing the corruption of riches and sounding the call to young men to take up the work of helping humanity. An amazing influence went out from his personality and teaching. The director of the great Carnegie Technical Schools at Pittsburg is a disciple; dozens of settlement workers in New York got their inspiration to devote their lives to humanity from him. Few men have more largely impressed a great city than Doctor Rainsford did New York. He is a man's man, and young men and old were his followers.

Chicago is to witness on September 25 and October 3 next, two most spectacular parades. On the first day there will be a Temperance and Law-enforcement Parade, at which time the various temperance activities and forces that seek to abolish, or where that is impossible, ameliorate, the saloon nuisance, will be in evidence. Churches, Sunday-schools, colleges, universities and the various law-enforcement and reform organizations will be in line. Judging from the unexpected beauty and strength of the parade of this kind held last year, it is safe to predict a most imposing demonstration. A large committee of prominent men and women representing all the professions are already at work. The second parade, which will occur on Sunday afternoon a week later, will be under the joint direction of the United Societies of Chicago and the Chicago branch of the German-American National Bund. This parade will represent the saloon interests. It is but fair to say that in many minds the parade will be significant of a personal liberty demonstration. A percentage will conscientiously turn out to oppose what they consider a menacing invasion of their liberty. It is equally fair to say that back of this parade will be the lavish support of brewers and distillers. So far as it is possible to divide the community, the two contending forces which now really occupy the forefront of American politics will appear at their best in a spectacular way. It will be the "Dry" vs. the "Wet"; the anti-saloon vs. the saloon. The curious will be ready to "count noses"; to measure the length of the lines; to gauge the artistic attractions of the "floats"; but the wise will take note of the personnel of the two processions and will thus study the tendency indicated. The temperance parade will have its face to the future; the other column will draw its inspiration from the past, or represent a reckless grasp of the happy present. The one will sing of a "crowning day that's coming"; the other, to the clink of beer mugs, will shout, "Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow ye die!" We would be fair. This is not all of it. There will be many sympathizers with the second parade, because of the charm of the word 'Liberty.' Many there are who have not yet entered into the social interpretation of true Liberty, which always subserves individual life to the community welfare.

UNITY readers have read from time to time of the "Van Missionary Movement" of the Unitarians in England. This might be characterized as the liberal faith gone a-gypsying with a wagon suitably constructed, loaded with tracts, hymn-slips, and living voices. These campaigners have gone from town to town, stopping at cross-roads, public squares and parks, speaking "The Word." The American Unitarians purpose to "go the English brethren one better," and are talking of an "Automobile Mission," as a sort of experimental and preparatory work. Five different itineraries are arranged for this summer, the gospellers following the New Testament example of going forth two by two. The plan as described in a preliminary circular is as follows: The towns selected will be entered in the morning. The day will be spent in circulating notices of the meeting and distributing Unitarian literature. In the evening an open-air service will be held in the central part of the town. No definite organization will be aimed at; the simple aim will be to declare the more liberal faith. New Hampshire, Vermont, New York, and Maine, and perhaps some towns in Connecticut are already platted. The plan is entirely rational, and if carried out with sufficient faith, ability, and zeal, cannot fail of much good. It is a pity that the open-air methods of religious instruction and quickening should as yet be associated with the more crude, dogmatic, and to the intelligent, impossible interpretations of religion represented by the Salvation Army and their colleagues. The parks should be offered as the free rostrum for the wisest and best interpretations of religion in many forms and of as many confessions as are able and willing to lay hold of the opportunity. It would be inspiring to visit a great city park containing one great audience listening to a Catholic cardinal or arch-

bishop; another to an Edward Everett Hale or a President Eliot, of the Unitarian faith; another to a Bishop Quayle or a Bishop McIntyre of the Methodist church; to Messrs. Myers and Foster respectively of the two horns of the Baptist dilemma, and to as many able Presbyterians, Universalists, Salvationists, etc., etc., as could be filled in. Under proper police management, and with the courtesies of the day and the occasion, this would not lead to confusion or to lawlessness, but to a cheerful fellowship and to mental and social hospitality. The only true non-sectarian attitude of a truly free republic is the pan-sectarian. It is a timid attitude that for Liberty's sake excludes religious expression in school, public park, or highway. The heroic attitude is one that includes all; that welcomes speech from all quarters within the bounds of courtesy and good order.

Religion vs. Theology

The following private correspondence anent the Professor Foster turmoil may serve a journalistic purpose, and so we make room for it in UNITY columns. Professor Foster occupied the pulpit at the Abraham Lincoln Centre on Sunday, July 4, and spoke on "A Free People." The audience was large and enthusiastic, and presuming on the liberties of the day, gave expression to its approval by frequent applause. This event gave rise to the letter from a neighbor and an answer to the same from the senior resident of the Abraham Lincoln Centre published below:

THE LETTER:

"All that has been said (as reported in the daily press) from your pulpit by Professor Foster regarding freedom of thought and freedom of religious belief has been said by Robert Ingersoll and others thirty years ago and by Thomas Paine a century before, but the difference between these men and professor Foster is that they did not pose as religious teachers and believers of a religion whose very foundation they sought to undermine under the guise of freedom of thought.

"Talk of this kind has always been popular and will always be popular with those who have no fixed religious belief, but like to follow the ever-shifting, changing speculations of German theorists with the mistaken idea that change is progress.

"There are editors who like to pour out their abuse and create a sensation on whomsoever they may desire, then shield themselves under the guise of the freedom of the press.

"Religion is the sacred bond between man and his Creator and it should be the object and purpose of the teacher, especially the religious teacher and the man of learning, to develop and establish the best there is in religious belief. Our Professor should rather build up, promote, and foster and crystallize the essence and the principles of religon than confuse the mind, especially of the young, by the speculative theories of German materialists filtered through the mind of those who profess to be the upholders of an established faith.

"No observing, thinking man can fail to see that the writings of Professor Foster are mostly the cullings and scattering theories of German writers. There is no continuity about them, no structure building,—all is scattering and confusing. If you would satisfy yourself, take his book on "The Finality of Religion," and compare a chapter in it with Dr. Rudolf Otto's recent work, "Naturalism and Religion" (Putnam & Sons, publishers), which has just been translated.

"There are always men who mistake notoriety for fame, and who seize upon religion to ride into popular favor.

"But what the world needs and always has needed is men of sincere convictions, men of decision, men who will fix the truths of the Christian religion firmly in the minds of young men rather than the theorist or the speculator."

THE REPLY:

"I appreciate the motive which led you to write me on the 5th instant. I think I can understand your attitude, but perhaps you will not be surprised to find that from my standpoint I find much more in Professor Foster's contention as well as in his personality than you do.

"Professor Foster may have considerable in common with Thomas Paine, who was a religious man at heart, a believer, and a contender for a faith in divine realities. I think Mr. Foster has less in common with Ingersoll, who had a degree of flippancy, cynicism, and sarcasm quite foreign to Professor Foster, who is a constructor and not a destroyer. Of course, you and I have no common ground to discuss this matter until we have defined religion and discovered the distinction between that and theology. The latter changes with the change of thought; the former is permanent.

"I know Professor Foster pretty well and have read his book with some care. However perplexing he may be in the religious field today, he is working for the faith of the future, and the thoughtful, twenty-five years hence, will understand him better than they do now. Witness the exploitations of Professor Swing and Dr. Thomas for heresy a few years ago. Witness, also, what came of it.

"But there is little profit in discussing this question at arm's length and hampered by the limitations of a letter.

"I thank you for your interest and courtesy."

An Hour With The Baptists.

Apropos of the present Baptist trouble, the following, from the pen of B. F. Underwood, in the *Quincy* (Ill.) *Daily Journal*, will be read with interest. It shows how well-founded are Professor Foster's contentions concerning the fundamental basis of the Baptist church, historically considered.
THE EDITOR.

The writer has a kindly feeling for the Baptists. In early youth he lived among them and was prayed for (and sometimes prayed at) by them. Among them he had many friends and very pleasant associations.

Fitz-Greene Halleck, in a conversation during a long walk, early in the sixties in Guildford, Conn., his native town, said to the writer, who was then enjoying a leave of absence from the army; "Although in religion, I am a deist, I like the Catholic church; I love its gorgeous ritual." Thus spoke the poet as, in the same spirit, wrote another poet (Emerson) in "The Problem."

"I like a church; I like a cowl;
I love a prophet of the soul;
And on my heart monastic aisles
Fall like sweet strains or pensive smiles.
Yet not for all his faith can see,
Would I that cowled churchman be.
Why should the vest on him allure,
Which I could not on me endure?"

No "gorgeous ritual" can the Baptist church claim to attract those who do not accept its distinctive theological teachings, those, for instance, who do not care whether the amount of water used in baptism is forty drops or forty gallons. But the Baptist church has something far better than a "gorgeous ritual" to commend itself to us—it has a glorious history. Behind it is a record of suffering for conscience's sake; of noble devotion to the cause of civil and religious freedom; of great contributions to the advance of intellectual liberty. The Baptist church has had not only great preachers, like Andrew Fuller, Robert Hall and Charles Haddon Spurgeon, and great writers like Bunyan, who suffered in prison for his belief, but great champions of a free state, and of complete religious liberty for all men irrespective of race or creeds. We find Baptists early in the seventeenth century in England, claiming that the church as a spiritual body should be entirely separated from the state, and for their teachings on this point, as well as others, they were cruelly persecuted, especially after the Restoration.

Roger Williams was among those who became Baptists, and to him belongs the high honor of founding the first state in Christendom with a government "ignoring any power in the body politic to interfere with those matters which alone concern man and his Maker." The power of the civil magistrate, Williams maintained, extends only to the bodies, goods and the outward state of man, and not to their souls and consciences. Banished from Massachusetts Bay colony, (1635) and threatened with being sent to England, he escaped with a few adherents and sought hospitality among unchristianized Indians, founded the city of Providence, and a government affording complete tolerance and established the first Baptist church in America. When urged to persecute the Quakers, (for he was president of the colony) he refused, but engaged in a controversy with them.

The Baptists have always been tolerant of dissent. The writer cannot recall any case of persecution for heresy among them. We have heard them denounce heresy, as they had a right to; indeed, the fierce invectives and thunderous tones of Elder Jabez Swan, of New London, Conn., against Universalism, "that damnable refuge of lies," as he characterized it, heard by the writer in boyhood, are still ringing in his ears. But the Baptists, where they have had power, have never appealed to the civil authorities to suppress heresy, and with their congregational polity, they have not, so far as we know by the proceedings, by any ecclesiastical council, tried to gag their liberally inclined preachers. These are a few of the facts that make the writer feel friendly to the Baptists as a sect. In his association with them he has found them, generally speaking, loyal to the spirit of the founders and true to the splendid traditions of the sect.

But this is already too long an introduction to "an hour with the Baptists." The hour was passed in the Vermont Street Baptist Church yesterday morning. We like, indeed we were charmed by, the music. The voices of the singers, blending in harmonious strains with the deep tones of the organ, had a more pleasing and inspiring effect than the music in many churches where the operatic features are more in evidence.

Rev. Edward Simpson we found to be a young man of intelligence, of good appearance, of a pleasant voice and clear enunciation. He is an earnest, energetic speaker who talks as one having a mission and a message to his hearers. He held the closest attention of the congregation from start to finish. Mr. Simpson is evidently touched by the Time-spirit, and he realizes that "better is the morning's silvery dew than the evening's river of gold." His face is turned towards the sunrise and the light of the morning is upon his brow. He sees that the swaddling clothes of infancy are not suited to man in his maturity, and that all creeds and institutions are for men, and not men for them. He sees that the hat is made for the head and not the head for the hat. If the hat is too small, he would enlarge it, and not try to make the head smaller. If the bedstead is too short, he would lengthen it, and not, like Procrustes, stretch men upon it, and cut off their heads or their feet to adjust them to its length.

Mr. Simpson's text was from the twelfth chapter of Hebrews, where God is represented as shaking earth and heaven, as removing "those things which are shaken as of things that are made, that those things which cannot be shaken may remain." The substance of the sermon was, that while religion as an attitude, a sentiment, an aspiration, a faith, a relation of man to his Maker, persists in its essence, formal expressions of religion are many and are constantly changing. Just as there are changes in business methods, in agriculture, in government, demanded by larger knowledge and improved conditions of life, so there are changes in expressions of belief and methods of worship. In all these provinces, modification is inevitable and without it progress is impossible.

"New occasions teach new duties;
Time makes ancient good uncouth.
They must upward still, and onward
Who would keep abreast of truth."

Things that are shaken must be removed that the things that cannot be shaken may remain. Jesus did away with much that the Jews thought was sacred and never to be destroyed. Church councils, composed of hundreds of bishops, in the early centuries of our era formulated their interpretations of the teachings of Christ into new statements to take the place of older ones and these later statements are now being, to a large extent, discredited. Luther denounced dogmas and authorities that had long been held as divine in their origin and character and inaugurated a new movement, based on justification by faith, which was revolutionizing in its effect on religious belief and worship. Is it supposable that the creeds and doctrines of today are finalities; that they are to undergo no transformation? Indeed they are now changing and those who protest against this change or are afraid of the destruction of faith as a result, fail to see that the essentials of religion are untouched; that they always survive these removals of that which is shaken. Faith in Christ as the personal savior of men is undisturbed by any changes in statements of belief which scholarship and the results of investigation may demand. God was in the changes that took place in Jerusalem and in Germany and he is in the changes which are taking place today. God is not a mere abstraction, a mere name in a creed, but is the living

spirit of the universe, and is operating continually upon the minds and hearts of his creatures. He is working now as he has always worked, and this work implies continual change without which the present state of civilization never could have been reached. Men who love the truth and are seeking for it and who have clean hands and pure hearts cannot go far astray. And we need not be disturbed by expressions of disbelief in creeds and dogmas, nor fear that they will disturb the foundations of religions.

Mr. Simpson was not very definite in his statements as to how much or how little may be removed. It occured to us that possibly some of the doctrines which he holds to be finalities may be among those which are "shaken" and those that it may be necessary to remove in order that truth may prevail. To many a dogma of today which may seem impregnable to criticism may be said: "Behold the feet of them which buried thy brothers are at the door and shall carry thee out." Be this as it may, Mr. Simpson delivered a very broad sermon, fine in thought and expression and in the spirit of the man who loves the truth and is ready to make any sacrifice in order to obtain it. For such men there is need in the pulpit today, and we congratulate Mr. Simpson upon his progressive spirit, and the good work which he is doing in the Vermont Street Baptist Church.

THE OPEN DOOR.

The Master said, "I am the Door.
The world is dark with doubt and sin,
Hidden the good that men implore,
But after me ye enter in.

"The ancient barriers I disown,
The distant and the dark control,
Who with your onward steps have thrown
God's sunshine open to the soul."

Another mystic door I know,
The entrance to this world of ours,
And she who opens it bears low
A wondrous weight of pains and powers.

O men that plan the stately pile,
Where law and learning hold their sway,
And drive with subterfuge and wile
Your mothers from the door away,—

Undo the doors! In God's high noon
An equal heritage have we;
Your cold exclusion's out of tune
With Nature's hospitality.

See where the word of freedom lives
To bridge the gulf of ages o'er;
Learn how the Eternal Giver gives,
And keep with Christ the open door!

—*Julia Ward Howe, in the Woman's Journal.*

"WHATSOEVER YE DO."

If in thy daily toil thou hast not joy,
Oh study to attain some happier way!
So few life's needs, why languish and grow gray
At tasks which serve thee but for soul's annoy!
If work be play, no questioning alloy
Of "high" or "low" need desecrate thy day;
The roof as grandly rear, the furrow lay,
As carve a statue for a nation's toy!
But make thy moil a ministry of glee—
Of zeal, and mind's delight, and heart's repose,
Obedient to the Voice that lures from sadness.
No slave's mean service Nature asks of thee,
But spirit's blossoming to leaf and rose,
And fragrance making night and day a gladness.

JAMES H. WEST.

THE PULPIT

The Ideal Funeral Service

BY THE REV. THOMAS H. HANNA, STEUBENVILLE, OHIO.

In the first place, I am sure the minister will be consulted concerning the time when the ideal funeral service is to be held a little more than he ordinarily is consulted now. Of course, part of a minister's business is the conducting of funerals. And no man with the oil of genuine ordination on his brow ever refuses such a summons. But that is no reason why people should neglect to exercise ordinary consideration for the convenience of others. The selfishness of sorrow is one of its curses, and nowhere is it more manifest than in the extravagant demands sometimes made upon the minister by those who are about to lay their dead away. It is a common experience with all of us, I suspect, after all other arrangements have been completed for a funeral, to be told by telephone possibly the day and the hour. Sometimes it means a good deal of inconvenience to us in changing plans already made, and all this might have been avoided had we been consulted a little earlier. But we are servants and, *nolens volens,* we go. This is not a childish or peevish complaint. It is just a plea for a trifle more thought upon the part of those whom we are quite willing to serve. All people are not so considerate as was one of Dr. McLeod's parishioners, who had requested a neighboring minister to come and conduct a funeral service at her house; and who, on being asked why she did not have her own minister, replied, "Why, mon, d'ye think we would risk our Norman with a smallpox case?"

In the second place, whether this ideal funeral service be held in the church or in the home, there will be very brief remarks, if any at all. The day of the "funeral sermon" has passed. There are three purposes, any one of which or all of which are to be served by an address. The preacher may want to get at some who particularly need some good earnest admonitions. But it has always seemed to me a rather unfair thing to club sinners over the shoulders of those in trouble. And besides this the sinners are usually loafing outside. Or, the preacher may wish to bear comfort to those who need the oil of joy for mourning. But can he not more effectively do that in the privacy of their own home circle and when their minds are more susceptible to the consolations of the gospel? Usually these immediately touched are so dazed mentally and so worn out physically that they are in no receptive attitude. Or, the preacher may yield to the notion all too common that he must praise Cæsar before he buries Cæsar. A minister in New York State was called into a neighboring parish to officiate at the funeral of a woman. When he drove up to the gate, the bereaved husband met him, and as he was tying up the horse he said, "Now, Reverend, of course you did not know my wife, but I want you to brag her up anyhow." And that is a very subtle temptation sometimes. But I submit that the reasons for not doing it are like the reasons given by some wise man for never losing one's temper, "If you are right, you don't need to; and if you are wrong, you can't afford to." So if the dead is worthy, we do not need to say much; and if unworthy, we can't afford to say anything. Personally, I have known of cases where incalculable harm

was wrought by over-zealous ministers boosting some liberal contributor away up into the seventh heaven, when most people could tell you how crookedly he got his money or how unclean his life had been.

A certain Thomas Thorp, a Scottish peasant, left his money to a relative with this proviso—that upon his tombstone a verse of poetry should be engraved. The relative was of an economical mind and ordered that the verse should be brief. Accordingly, the stonemason submitted this terse inscription:

"Here lies the corp
Of Thomas Thorp."

This was sent back as too long. Ultimately the inscription was made to read as follows:

"Thorp's
Corpse."

And that was how the testator's desire was complied with. I recommend that as a model in brevity for the address of an ideal funeral service.

I think, too, that artistic singing will not have much place in this ideal funeral service; so often, where we must depend upon volunteer choirs, as the most of us do, the artistic element somehow slips a cog. I have been at funerals where the singing affected me much as a sudden douche of cold water on the exposed nerve of a sore tooth. If there must be singing, let it be congregational singing, and let the songs be of the old familiar type.

The ideal funeral service will not make such a display of flowers as is ordinarily made. There was a touching little incident in connection with the funeral service of Pittsburg's boss politician, Christopher McGee. There were great heaps of floral tributes, but the sweetest of them all was a single white carnation brought by a poor little girl who had scribbled on a card attached to the flower, "He was good to my mamma when we were sick." The honest expression of real sentiment like that was beautiful, and it shows one side of the notorious ringster that was not always recognized by his political or business associates and enemies. But really, have we not permitted the custom of sending flowers where death is, to become somewhat vulgarized by the same ugly spirit of commercialism that is fast taking away a good deal of the beauty and sanctity of the Christmas season? But if flowers must be had, let us avoid the parade feature of loading them and the flower-bearers into an open carriage to lead the procession through the town. There is a sort of cheap advertising element in that which has always grated on my nerves.

Crape will not be in evidence at the ideal funeral service, nor will it be worn afterward by those who in Christian faith have laid their dead away to await the resurrection of the just. Let a Hindu woman cover herself with the hideous black stuff, if she will, and go through the rest of her dreary life proclaiming to the world that her poor soul is deep in the shadows. It is quite a fitting garb for one to whom the glorious light of Christ's gospel has never come. But why should a Christian wife or a Christian mother wear the label of doubt or rebellion? And is it not ridiculous that Queen Fashion should regulate by the calendar the length of the veil and the width of the border on the stationery?

It used to be the custom in Scotland for no one to go to the cemetery but the men who bore the body. I do not know whether it still obtains. Barrie refers to it in his "Sentimental Tommy." But it impresses me most favorably. Why should women, already worn out by long weeks of watching at the bedside and in no physical condition for the extra tax, expose themselves and their little children to the mental and bodily strain of the long ride to the cemetery and the danger of wet or cold weather there? It would be a difficult matter to get at this reform, but I do wish some of our good women would set the example of allowing their dead to be taken away with none accompanying save the few necessary to assist the undertaker. So much of the sickness consequent upon exposure would thus be avoided, as also so many hysterical scenes as the casket is lowered in the grave. Now, this may sound a little harsh and blunt. But why should we not get back to the old simple methods of the Scots, who, if they did not bubble over with sentimentality, had an uncommon amount of good judgment. A large item of expense would thus be avoided by the reduction in carriage hire. That may account for its being a Scottish custom; for the true Scot keeps the Sabbath day and everything else he can get his hands on. But seriously, is there not a useless lot of extravagance in connection with the average funeral? Especially is this so among the poor, who often shoulder debts they must carry for years to come. But they like to do as other people do.

As there was an old law against burying in the city of Albany, Bishop Doane, says *Lippincott's*, had a special act passed by the legislature permitting his burial in the cathedral. What was his consternation and that of his friends when they read the text! It began in the usual form. The ending was something like this: "We do grant that Bishop Doane be buried within the precincts of the Cathedral at Albany. This act to take effect immediately." Some of us would be willing to have our own funeral service "take effect immediately" if we were sure it would be carried out according to any or all of these ideals suggested.—Reprinted from The Homiletic Review.

Samuel June Barrows

Address Given at the Barrows Memorial Meeting, May 27, 1909, by Dr. Stephen S. Wise, Rabbi of the Free Synagogue, New York City.

"He rests with the immortals;
For him no wail of sorrow, but a pæon full and strong!
So well and bravely has he done the work he found to do,
To Justice, Freedom, Duty, God, and Man forever true."

Professor Patten recently said: "Men are slow to attack evils that do not seem to threaten themselves." This is but a paraphase of the philosophy imputed to the gutter: "I don't care what happens as long as it doesn't happen to me." If this be true, Dr. Barrows was an exceptional man, for he was the succoring neighbor of the wronged and oppressed,—alike of the American and Russian afar, and the nearer negro and Indian,—friend of the friendless ever.

The free man is not he who lives in a country in which there are no slaves, nor is the happy man he who lives in a land in which there is no misery. The free man is he who feels himself to be the kinsman of them that are in bonds, and happy is he alone who ever seeks "to render less the sum of human wretchedness."

Few men have lived of whom it might more truly have been said than it may be said of Samuel June Barrows, that the world was his country and all mankind his countrymen, "and every man, especially every oppressed man, a brother." If this cosmic man was capable of partiality or preference, it was revealed in devotion to land or lands where liberty was not, where

the high boon of freedom was yet to be won. In his love of justice and in the justness of his love, he had "circumnavigated the seas of philanthropy," literally as well as spiritually, resting charity upon the immutable foundations of justice, and benevolence upon the everlasting rock of brotherhood.

This brave-hearted, high-souled, gentlemanly, because gentle and manly, lover of justice was indeed a happy warrior, if he be the happy warrior "that strikes with the sword of justice." No mean and technical conception of justice was his, who would not elevate law-made morality or law-sanctioned unfairness into justice, who ever sought to widen and vitalize the content of justice. His own sense of justice was the consciousness of the imperativeness of the claims of even-handed equity.

This lover of justice was foe to no man, but ever the foe of wrong. Because of his love of justice, he was the friend of Russian freedom. Because he loved justice, he was moved to feel that the State was ofttimes, in the name of justice, alike unjust to itself and to its erring children. His love of justice, coupled with his loving-kindness, led him to give the best years of his rich and full life to the teaching of the truth that "all revenge is crime," and to protest against that attitude of the State toward the violator of the law, "which lays itself out to terrorize rather than to reclaim." He realized, as do few men, "the glaring futility and folly of vengeance, often politely called punishment or justice."

Lover of justice was he, hence the friend of peace as the work of righteousness, and the enemy of war as unjust to victor and to vanquished. Lover of justice was he, and therefore foe to every species of color-phobia,—and steadfast, unafraid friend of the negro, whose emancipation from within and without, the proclamation of '63 but faintly foreshadowed. This lover of justice was the champion of every high cause which struck at rooted wrong and aimed at fair dealing and justice, as if the lines which he loved so well had been his lifelong inspiration:

> "For, 'tis the good man's part to champion right,
> And everywhere and aye to smite the wrong."

This lover of justice was aflame with love for all mankind. Gladly he heard the call of God, before whom he humbly walked, to do justice and to love mercy!

Fitting indeed that the flag enfolded the ark in which his dust was shrined! For he loved his country and served it well, served it, not by leading in slaughter of foreign foe, but in high endeavor to reclaim and regenerate his country's errant sons. Because he loved his country and his countrymen, he sought to make our land first and strongest among the nations of the earth in caring for the weak and fallen.

As I looked upon the flag which wrapt him around, I remembered the word of Heine: "Lay on my coffin a sword, for I was a brave soldier in the Liberation War of Humanity." Samuel J. Barrows, too, was a brave soldier in the war for the liberation of humanity.

> "Stainless soldier on the walls,
> Knowing this,—and knows no more,—
> Whoever fights, whoever falls,
> Justice conquers evermore,
> Justice after as before.
> And he who battles on her side,
> God, though he were ten times slain,
> Crowns him victor glorified,
> Victor over death and pain."

Book Notices

Mrs. Hugh Fraser's Letters from Japan have delighted thousands of readers and stand in a class apart. On account of her social and official position as wife of the British Ambassador, Mrs. Fraser had opportunity to know and see Japanese life as few others have done. The new book now before us, *The Heart of a Geisha*,* shows the same careful attention to literary finish as her earlier work. Every word is chosen and the whole story presents a perfection in form that is rare today. An historic connection is given to her story, the scene of which is Kyoto, at the time when the ferment of the new Japanese spirit was beginning to work and those events were taking place which led to the revolution and the reinstatement of the Mikado in power. The actors are a geisha girl, her lover (a young noble who is plotting against the Shogun and for the mikado's elevation), and the chief of police. The training, the life and the heart of a geisha (who in this case was a superior and noble woman) are truly and carefully given, though largely by inference. The book is a remarkable study of Japanese psychology. The volume is of dainty workmanship. The text, printed on but one side of the page, is included within a decorative color border and faced by a page of color design.

Dr. Macdonald's book** is made up of the Haskell Lectures on Comparative Religion given at the University of Chicago in 1906. These are a study of Islam from the point of view of the Society for Psychical Research. The Oriental mind is said to be quite unlike our own. "*Inability* to see life steadily and see it whole, to understand that a theory of life must cover all the facts, and *liability* to be stampeded by a single idea and blinded to everything else," is for Macdonald the characteristic which distinguishes the East from the West. His aim is to place the religious attitude of Islam before his hearers. It can be analyzed into three points—first, the reality of the Unseen, of a background to life unattainable to our physical senses; second, man's relation to this Unseen as to faith and insight therein; that is, the whole emotional religious life . . . ; and third, the discipline of the traveler on his way to such direct knowledge of the divine and during his life in it. These are studied in succession. "The shell between the Oriental and the Unseen is thin and Islam recognizes several standard breakages in that shell." Macdonald investigates several classes of these breakages—prophets, diviners, magic and talismans, appearances of the Jinn, dreams and saints. In presenting these in their order he quotes from many scholars of Islam and gives many strange stories and incidents. The chief author quoted for this first great point, the reality of the Unseen, is Ibn Khaldun. A great scholar, statesman and lawyer, he died at Cairo in 1406; the introduction to his *Universal History* is a remarkable contribution to philosophical thought; a supernaturalist, he tries to rationalize his supernaturalism; his view of these occult phenomena is most instructive. Macdonald's first "point" is more fully and clearly discussed than the other two. In the discussion of these the chief author quoted is Al Ghazzali. His autobiography is an interesting document in religious

* *The Heart of a Geisha.* Mrs. Hugh Fraser. New York. 1909. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 16mo. pp. 165. $2.00.

** *The Religious Attitude and Life in Islam.* Duncan Black Macdonald. Chicago. 1909. The University of Chicago Press. 16mo. pp. xvii 317. $1.88.

experience; converted in 1095, his work descriptive of that incident and his life "is unique in Arabic for the keenness and fulness of its self-revelation." The emotional religious life in Islam, the "attitude of the ascetic-ecstatic life," and the discipline of the traveler are best suggested by his view and statement. Dr. Macdonald's matter is interesting and his treatment is scholarly. His style is heavy and tiresome and often lacks in clearness. That the book was dictated and taken down stenographically is evident from not infrequent errors in spelling and in words, which ought never to have escaped the proof-reader; thus, "pomegranites" (p. 114) and "He goes up there, as on a ladder, *troding* his dead selves under him." (p. 167.) The book is hard reading but is worth the effort. One wonders, however, whether the student hearers of the spoken lectures could follow the speaker in detail and with profit.

Students of religions already know the author of *Outlines of Mahayana Buddhism** through his translation of Acvaghosha's *Discourse on the Awakening of Faith in the Mahayana.* The new book has a two-fold purpose: (1) to refute the many wrong opinions held by western critics; (2) to awaken "interest among scholars of comparative religion in the development of the religious sentiment and faith as exemplified by the growth of one of the most powerful spiritual forces in the world." Buddhism exists today in two quite distinct forms—the Hinayana (lesser vehicle) and Mahayana (the greater vehicle. The former is found in Ceylon and south-eastern Asia, the latter in northern Asia. Beginning in the sixth century B. C., Mahayana had two thousand years' development in Tibet, China and Japan. To trace its history, its growth of dogmas, its variations and reforms would demand more than a single, modest volume. Suzuki makes no pretense of giving such a history; what he aims to do is to present, in form at once scholarly and popular, the salient points of doctrine, "to discuss a few of the most general and essential topics of Mahayana." As the sources of Mahayana are mostly Chinese and untranslated, the Occident knows little of it. What we do know has been given incidentally and piece-meal; it is well to have an orderly, symmetrical, and systematic outline of its contents. In his introduction Suzuki defines Mahayana, locates it among religious systems, emphasizes its vitality, takes exception to statements of Monier-Williams, Beal and Waddell, and discusses the significance of religion in general; in the body of his work he discusses such themes as Forms of Knowledge, Karma, Dharmakaya, Boddhisattva; in the appendix he gives a number of translations of Mahayana hymns. His style is as clear and simple as the material considered permits and is far finer than is to be expected from one who uses English as a foreign language. An example of the hymns, expressing an already familiar thought, may show the flavor of these religious outbursts:

> The lotus flower
> Though growing in the marshy land
> By dirt, or mire, or filth
> Is not defiled;
> So is the Boddhisattva;
> Though living in this world,
> No form of passion
> Ever touches him.

Dieserud's book, by a practical librarian, had its suggestion through the labor of library classification. No other field of science is so badly defined, so vaguely and indefinitely subdivided, so unorganized as anthropology. Specialists in the field are not in harmony as to its scope and content, still less as to its subdivision. Mr. Dieserud had this unfortunate condition of things impressed upon his mind, when he had to arrange and classify the anthropological library of the Field Museum. This book is the result.* The author sketches the history of anthropological science in an Introduction. The body of the book falls into three parts—Scope and Content, Classification, Bibliography. In Part I, the effort is made by citation from authorities to reach an exact nomenclature for the science and its subdivisions. Part II is intended especially for the librarian and presents a detailed taxonomic scheme, a library index. This is the least satisfactory portion of the work; it may serve as a suggestion to future workers, but as a permanent detailed scheme it has many and serious faults. It is uneven in development and errs both by excess and deficiency. Really the most interesting portion of the book is Part III, where works by a long list of writers are named, in chronological order from 1501 to date, and analyzed. A useful appendix lists Anthropological and Ethnological Societies, Publications of Societies, Ethnographic Museums, and Anthropological Periodicals. The book will be useful both to anthropologists and librarians.

The latest number of The Open Court's Mathematical Series is Dr. Carus' little book, *The Foundations of Mathematics: a Contribution to the Philosophy of Geometry.*** It is in reality a study in regard to four-dimensional space. The history of the search for fundamentals in geometry is sketched; the suggestions of metageometry are given; the philosophical basis of mathematics is examined; the claims, the advantages and disadvantages of different systems are investigated. The author's conclusions are conservative; he runs after no new gods. He says: "all geometrical systems, Euclidean as well as non-Euclidean, are purely ideal constructions. If we make one of them we then and there for that purpose and for the time being, exclude the other systems, but they are all, each one in its own premises, equally true and the question of preference between them is not one of truth or untruth, but of adequacy, of practicability, of usefulness. . . The real question is, 'which system is the most convenient to determine the juxtaposition of things'? *A priori* considered, all geometries have equal rights, but for all that Euclidean geometry, which in the parallel theorem takes the bull by the horns, will remain classical forever, for after all the non-Euclidean systems cannot avoid developing the notion of the straight line or other even boundaries. . . Any geometry could, within its own premises, be utilized for a determination of objective space; but we will naturally give the preference to plane geometry, not because it is truer, but because it is simpler and will therefore be more serviceable."

FREDERICK STARR.

The third volume of the new "Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge," published by Funk and Wagnalls, is of course equal to the preceding volumes, in all ways. I have examined some of the articles that discuss liberal men and liberal theories, and find them just, as a rule.

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* *Outlines of Mahayana Buddhism.* Daisetz Teitaro Suzuki. Chicago. 1909. The Open Court Publishing Co. 16mo. pp. xii 420. $2.50.

* *The Scope and Content of the Science of Anthropology.* Jules Dieserud. Chicago. 1908. 16mo. pp. 200. $1.50.

** *The Foundations of Mathematics.* Paul Carus. Chicago. 1908. The Open Court Publishing Co. 16mo. pp. iv 141. $0.75.

Helps to High Living

SUN.—Out of confined life tenfold life is growing. In gloom and doubt the power to receive light and change it into leaf and flower and fruit,—is growing.
MON.—God dwells in the great movements of the world, in the great ideas which act on the human race.
TUES.—Find God by sharing in the interests of man; by helping all who are striving for truth, for progress, for freedom in the world.
WED.—To be fit to live is to be fit to die. Until we can learn to live bravely we cannot die bravely.
THURS.—Sanctify the brightness of youth with watchfulness against wrong, with carefulness for love and truth.
FRI.—Get rid of yourself by some means; by interest in others, by studying God's beauty in the natural world.
SAT.—Nothing makes moroseness in a home as fast as idleness. The very children gloom and sulk if they are left with nothing to do.

—*Stopford Brooke.*

WEEDS

Along the roadsides and up the hills;
Peering demurely into the rills;
Lifting their faces up to the sky;
Throwing their kisses to each passerby;
Trailing their gowns all over the grasses;
Waving their hands to a bird as it passes;
Calling the butterflies—laughing and gay,
Ragged and rollicking all the long day.

How the winds love them! How the bees linger!
How the birds woo them, each happy young singer!
How the sun kisses them, eager and warm!
How the grass shelters them safely from harm!
Who is so jolly, who is so free,
Of all the bright blossoms that grow on the lea?
Purple and azure, golden and red,
Some with big bonnets and some with bare head;

Some with gold stars on their foreheads so sweet—
Some with great mantles straight down to their feet;
Some like a drift of May snow, pure and white,
Some that are dark as the middle of night;
Some with shy eyes that are hidden 'neath lashes,
Some with the largest and gayest of sashes;
Some with lips sober and some with arch smiles—
All with the bonniest, gladdest of wiles.

Amber and rosy, snowy and blue,
Some that are false and some that are true;
Yellow and crimson, sapphire and pink—
All are as fresh as the dews that they drink.
All along the roadsides, down by the brooks,
Hiding away in magical nooks
Down in the meadows, always aglow—
Dearest of all the things that grow.

—*Fanny Driscoll.*

Where Anchors are Made

"The little town of Camden, Me., ought to have its name changed to Hope," said a dealer in ship supplies and stores to a New York visitor, "for it turns out more of the emblems of hope than all the other places in the country combined. All of the stately ships that come out of the Maine shipyards look to that little village on the Penebscot for their anchors. Scores of sturdy smiths swing their hammers day after day all the year long in the black, smoky, long, low Camden shops, where only anchors are forged. Sometimes the trip hammers are going all night about the forges, and the blazing of the fires and the ring of the hammers are seen and heard miles away.

"Thousands of tons of old iron are purchased by these queer establishments every year, for anchors are forged largely from cast-off iron. The material is cut into small pieces by great shears that clip through the iron as easily as a cheese knife slices a cheese. The pieces are found into bundles by strong wires, and are then fused in the forges. Then they are pounded and welded into the various parts of the anchor, some workmen fashioning the rings, others shaping the flukes, others hammering out the palms, and others forging the shanks. Then the completers take the different parts and fuse and weld them into the finished anchor. Anchors of all sizes and weights are turned out from the noisy shops of Camden, the graceful little pleasure-boat anchor, weighing but a few pounds, as well as the great 50,000 and 75,000 pound anchors of the biggest ships.

"There are many interesting relics at Camden in the line of rusty and broken anchors that did duty in their day on famous merchant vessels, historic warships, and sturdy whalers. What is left of the anchor of the United States frigate 'Cumberland,' the subject of one of Longfellow's stirring war poems, is among these relics."

I once visited the anchor shop at the Charlestown (Mass.) Navy Yard, and saw an anchor that cost over $20,000. It consumed the entire period from May to December to get ready to make it, and a great deal of additional machinery was required before beginning work on this mammoth anchor, although the rolling mill was well equipped. Many new and strange tools had to be made for special purposes.—*George B. Griffith in Every Other Sunday.*

A Russian Fable.

A peasant, it is said, was once on his way to town with a fine flock of geese he had been fattening for market.

As he plodded slowly along, prodding now one, now another with his long rod to keep them in the road, he was busily engaged with pleasant anticipations: his flock was sure to fetch a good price.

"There's not likely to be many as good," he said to himself. "I'm sure to do well, but I'll hurry along to be sure and get there in good season."

And, so saying, he flourished his rod vigorously amongst the refractory geese to quicken their steps. But the geese resented his treatment of them bitterly, and stopped every one they met to complain of him.

"We are the most unfortunate, ill-treated geese in the world," they said. "Cannot you see how this mujik is chasing and prodding up without the least regard for our feelings?" If he were not so ignorant, he would know that he ought to pay us reverence; for are we not the noble descendants of those geese who saved Rome long ago? Special feast days are even yet appointed in their honor."

"But what has that to do with you? You do not expect feast days appointed in your honor, do you?" asked one to whom they had appealed. "You have done nothing to deserve them, have you?"

"Our ancestors," began the geese volubly—

"Oh, yes, I know about them, but of what use to any one have you been?"

"Our ancestors saved Rome," proudly declared the geese.

"Quite true, but again I ask, what have you done?"

"We—why we have done nothing ourselves, but our ancestors"—

"I care nothing about them," said the traveller. "Let them rest in peace. They received just reward for their service. Had you wished homage done to you, you should have done something to earn it. Since you have not, you are fit only to be roasted."

—*Kate S. Gates.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

TOWER HILL, WISCONSIN.

This summer camp opened up auspiciously the first of July. One fine, new cottage, the A. L. Thomas cottage, has been completed during the year and is now being furnished. Lanier and Old Helena have been overhauled, repaired, re-roofed, etc. All the cottages are in apple-pie order, and several of them are occupied.

On Sunday night, July 4, the first of the regular Sunday evening vesper services was held in the Emerson pavillion, everyone present bringing a patriotic contribution to the program. Some Chicago high-school boys improvised orchestral accompaniment to the music and the senior resident gave the closing number by reading Walt Whitman's "By Blue Ontario's Shore."

The excitement of the first days was the opening of the Tower Hill postoffice and the installing of the Senior Editor of UNITY into the responsibilities of Post Master. A double mail service now connects the camp with the outer world, mail pouches being exchanged at Helena station with the 8 a. m. train eastward and the 6 p. m. train westward. All day passenger trains will now stop on request or on flagging to accommodate Tower Hill passengers. This shortens the distance between camp and railway station by a mile and a half, and cuts out the most serious practical handicap to Tower Hill, viz., the bad roads to Spring Green. The bumps of that river road are now eliminated, and the drive to Helena station is a thing of delight.

Last week Rev. E. C. Smith, secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference, spent a day on the Hill. The day was long enough for the residents to discover in him a coveted man, because he knows all about the birds and flowers, and it was long enough for him to marvel at the woman who told him that he could see all there was to be seen at Tower Hill in fifteen minutes. He left considerable ground for the hope that he will return with his family and conduct Nature Study classes during the session of the Summer School, which will be in session from July 25 to August 22. If he comes, he will also bring slides that will help him interpret the marvels of Mt. Tacoma and the glories of Puget Sound, with which he was made familiar during his successful ministry at Seattle and other points in the far northwest.

Among the other attractions of the Summer School this year will be a visit from Professor Foster, of Chicago, and of Rev. Ernest Bradley, who resigns his position as Associate Rector of Trinity Church, one of the leading Episcopal churches in San Francisco, to take up the leadership of the Tamalpais Social Centre, of which our readers will see more elsewhere. Prof. Freeman, of the English Department of the University of Chicago, will give two or more lectures on John Milton, apropos of the tercentennial celebration of the birthday of the second greatest British bard.

It is not true that any professor in an American college deals in sacrilege and lampoon. It is true that the revolutionary iconoclasm of many of them is startling, but even more so are the scope and significance of the new scholastic faith. Many professors reject old-time dogma, not because it calls for too much credulity, but because of what they consider its irrational unbelief. Nor are they swerved from their critical estimates by public clamor regarding what they teach. They are not afraid that American parents will take alarm. They proceed upon the philosophy that deep in the modern mind is an abiding conviction that the colleges of America are progressive and right. Illustrative of this, President Butler, of Columbia, says that the demagogue "is constantly telling those who will listen to him that the voice of the people is the voice of God, and that it is better to trust the instincts of the masses than to follow the expert." Nevertheless, even the demagogue, President Butler points out, sends his children to be educated at the feet of the professors he condemns. And those who applaud the demagogue's false teachings likewise send their children to college in search of truth.

Prof. James Schouler, of Johns Hopkins University, places firm and reverent reliance upon nature and science, as opposed to popular and passing hysterias, and holds that absolute obedience must be rendered to nature's injunctions, "as to the *ipse dixit* of a Creator whose laws are fixed and immutable." He does not believe that scientific investigation will bring materialism as a finality for the race; but that sooner or later science will find reconciliation with true religious faith.—*From Avatars of the Almighty, by Edward Bolce, in the Cosmopolitan.*

A MEADOW TRAGEDY.

Here's a meadow full of sunshine,
Ripe grasses lush and high;
There's a reaper on the roadway,
And a lark hangs in the sky.

There's a nest of love enclosing
Three little beaks that cry;
The reaper's in the meadow
And a lark hangs in the sky.

Here's a mead all full of summer,
And tragedy goes by
With a knife among the grasses,
And a song up in the sky.
—*Dora Sigerson Shorter.*

I lean my hand against the day
To feel its bland caressing;
I will not let it pass away
Before it leaves its blessing.
—*Whittier.*

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You see, not then being known as an accurate observer nor as a practical agriculturist when the Macmillans offered to publish the first book, I did not venture to state the whole truth about the profitable possible productivity of land,—it would have been scoffed at.

For instance, the average crop of strawberries in New Jersey (which with North Carolina is now the great strawberry state) is about three thousand quarts per acre. When I said that eight thousand quarts might easily be raised, people opened their eyes as far as was polite because they knew that many growers have made money and think they have done well with five hundred quarts.

In "A Little Land and a Living," however, I felt safe in citing a verified instance of over twenty-four thousand quarts per acre produced commercially on Long Island. The grower claims that he has raised forty-two thousand quarts per acre and that it paid better than the smaller yield.

Now I want people to read that book; so if anyone will inquire for it at all the public libraries within his reach, if there are any, and does not find it, and will send me the names of the libraries that have not got it, I will lend him (or her) the book sending it by mail and trust to his (or her) native honesty and to his (or her) interest in others' reading it, to return it to me by mail when he (or she) has finished with it or within two months. BOLTON HALL.

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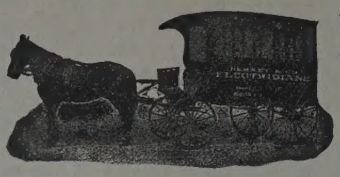

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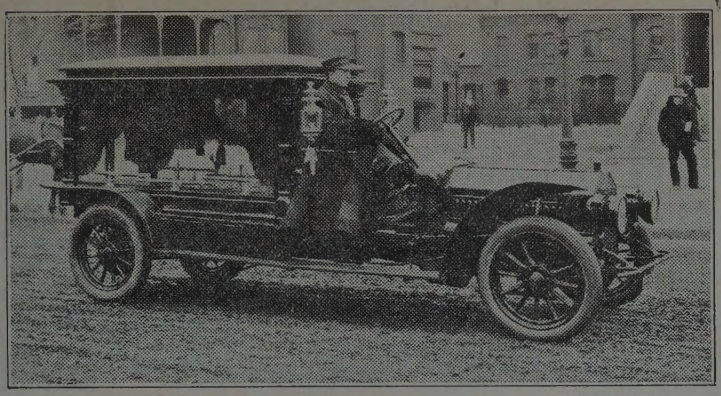

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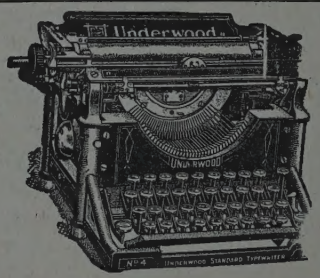

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